MYSTERIOUS
NO. 19
THRILLING TALES OF TERROR
10¢

MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES

WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM

GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDER-WEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.

Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. **Guaranteed** to give you up to an **extra pound a day!** Or **your money back!** Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're **underweight*** . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can **put on up to a pound a day** of **attractive weight** without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no dangerous drugs . . . you **eat it like candy!** Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain **4-way** MORE-WATE tablets . . . a full 10 days' supply . . . for just $1.00 or a 30 day supply for only $2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and **weight to gain!** Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! **Gain more weight!**

10-DAY SUPPLY ONLY $1.

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are **unconditionally guaranteed** to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE *is* a **delicious,** full strength, 4-way tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for **gaining weight** known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's delicious, **pleasant-tasting tablet!** It contains vitamin **B-12** . . . the **amazing red vitamin doctors** give many **underweight patients** in **hospitals** . . . It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into **well rounded flesh** instead of being wasted. **That's the secret of putting on weight.** Now you can help your food to **add new pounds** to your **arms, chest, hips, thighs,** and **legs.** Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! **You must achieve the figure you want . . .** or **don't pay anything.** Act now!

Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 198,
218 Market Street, Newark, N. J.
Just mail us your name and address, and $1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

☐ Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for $2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

NAME.....ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES is published bimonthly by Story Comics, Inc., 7 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Single copies 10c. Subscription 12 issues $1.20. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at the Post Office at Derby, Conn. Copyright 1954 by Story Comics, Inc. April, 1954 issue. Vol. 1, Number 19.
Printed in the U.S.A.

GREETINGS, *FOUL FIENDS!* WELCOME TO ANOTHER ISSUE OF *MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES* WE'VE GOT AN *ARMFUL* OF *LOATHSOME* TALES WHICH SHOULD KEEP YOU *NAUSEOUS* AND *LAUGHING* ALL NIGHT! WE START OFF WITH *ENCHANTING EPISODE* DEALING WITH YOUR *FAVORITE* TOPIC...WHAT ELSE? *DEATH*, NATCH! WE CALL IT . . .

REVENGE

I LOVE FUNERALS! THE WAY SOME PEOPLE LOVE WEDDINGS, THAT'S THE WAY I LOVE FUNERALS. BUT AFTERALL, WHY NOT? I'M DEAD...AND MY JOB IS TO ESCORT FRESH CORPSES TO THEIR NEW HOME! RIGHT NOW I'M AT THE FUNERAL OF GLORIA MOORE, A SWEET GIRL OF ONLY 25...POOR THING, IT WAS VERY UNFORTUNATE...AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT...

THAT HANDSOME YOUNG MAN NEAR THE GRAVE MUST BE GLORIA'S HUSBAND, PAUL! HANDSOME DEVIL, ALL RIGHT! HE MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY ABOUT HER...AND SHE PROBABLY ADORED HIM! IT'S ALMOST TIME TO MEET GLORIA. . .

OH, MY, IT'S ALWAYS THIS WAY! THEY NEVER KNOW WHO I AM... BUT THEN I WAS A NEW CORPSE AND I WAS AS DUMB AS ALL THE OTHERS...
I'M THE SPIRIT WHO'S GOING TO TAKE YOU TO YOUR PERMANENT HOME, MY DEAR! COME ALONG!
NO! I DON'T WANT TO GO! PAUL! PAUL, OH DARLING...
I WAIT WHILE SHE FLOATS OVER TO HER HUSBAND... POOR GLORIA, SHE REFUSES TO BELIEVE SHE'S DEAD!
PAUL! IT'S ME, GLORIA! PLEASE, DARLING, LOOK UP... IT'S ME!
HE CAN'T HEAR YOU GLORIA! YOU ARE JUST MAKING YOURSELF MISERABLE, DEAR GIRL... NOW PLEASE, COME ALONG!
SHE SOBS ALL THE WAY HOME... BUT I'M USED TO THIS. ALL NEW CORPSES CRY AT FIRST! SHE'LL GET OVER IT...
OH, DEAR, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T CRY SO, GLORIA! IT MAKES ME VERY MORBID... AND BESIDES, YOU'LL LOVE YOUR NEW HOME!
I WON'T (SOB) LOVE IT! I (SOB) WANT TO BE WITH PAUL!
SHE CRIES AND SULKS FOR A WEEK... NOTHING MAKES HER HAPPY! INSTEAD OF ENJOYING ALL THE COMFORTS OF OUR GHOUL PARADISE, SHE REFUSES TO TAKE PART IN OUR FUN...
GLORIA, AT LEAST GIVE US A CHANCE! WE'RE NOT SO BAD! HOW ABOUT A NICE GAME OF DEAD MAN'S BLUFF!
NO! NO! NO! CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT I DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE! I WANT TO GO BACK TO EARTH!
FINALLY, IN DESPERATION, I TAKE HER TO THE TRANSPORTATION OFFICE... I'VE NEVER HAD SUCH A TOUGH CASE!
...AND THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, SIR! SHE'S A TROUBLED SPIRIT! SHE KEEPS INSISTING THAT SHE WANTS TO GO BACK!
WELL, WE'VE HAD CASES LIKE THIS BEFORE! THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO HANDLE THEM... TAKE HER BACK DOWN, SPIRIT X! YOU CAN STAY EXACTLY ONE MONTH... AND NO LONGER, YOUNG LADY!
AND SO TONIGHT, ONCE AGAIN, I'M BACK ON EARTH... I HATE THESE JOBS... THEY ALWAYS END UP THE SAME. THE SPIRIT FINALLY GIVES UP AND BACK WE GO...
OH, I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE HIM... MY POOR POOR PAUL! HE'S PROBABLY MISERABLE!
OKAY, OKAY... BUT JUST REMEMBER, GLORIA, WHILE YOU CAN SEE HIM... HE CAN'T SEE YOU!
WE CAN SEE PAUL THROUGH THE WINDOW... HE'S JUST COME INTO THE HOUSE. I MUST ADMIT, ALTHOUGH I'VE SEEN MILLIONS OF MEN, DEAD AND ALIVE, PAUL MOORE IS THE BEST LOOKING GUY I'VE EVER SEEN...
LOOK AT HIM! OH, X, LOOK AT HIM! ISN'T HE SIMPLY GORGEOUS!
WELL, ER... GORGEOUS! ISN'T QUITE THE WORD... HOWEVER, YES, HE'S A FINE SPECIMEN OF A MAN!

GLORIA WATCHES HIM, HER EYES FILLED WITH ADORATION, AS HE TAKES OFF HIS COAT, MIXES HIMSELF A DRINK AND SETTLES BACK INTO A CHAIR . . .

DEAR DARLING! MY POOR BABY, HE MUST BE SO LONELY!

GLORIA IS TOO PREOCCUPIED AS SHE LOOKS THROUGH THE WINDOW TO NOTICE THE GORGEOUS BLONDE WHO BOLDLY ENTERS THE FRONT DOOR . . .

I WONDER IF GLORIA'LL THINK PAUL'S "SO LONELY" WHEN SHE GETS A GANDER AT THAT LITTLE DISH!

IT TAKES A FULL MINUTE OR MORE FOR GLORIA TO GET THE GIST OF THE SITUATION . . .

PAUL, DARLING... BABY, BABY...

B—BUT, BUT...

ALL TOO SOON THE UNSAVORY STORY UNFOLDS. . .

GOD, PAUL, IT'S BEEN SO LONG! I DIDN'T THINK THIS LAST MONTH WOULD EVER PASS!

I KNOW, HONEY, BUT IT WAS FOR THE BEST! THIS WAY NOBODY SUSPECTS ANYTHING!

BUT HOW'D YOU MANAGE IT, HONEY? I READ ABOUT THE ACCIDENT IN THE PAPER BUT THE DETAILS WEREN'T TOO CLEAR!

IT WAS A CINCH, LYDIA! THERE ISN'T A SOUL IN THIS WHOLE STUPID TOWN WHO WOULD BELIEVE THAT I'M A MURDERER!

GLORIA, DARLING, I WONDER IF YOU'D DO ME A FAVOR THIS AFTERNOON?

OF COURSE, PAUL! YOU KNOW I'D DO ANY THING FOR YOU!

"EVERYTHING WENT OFF WITHOUT A HITCH! I HAD IT PLANNED DOWN TO THE LAST SMALL DETAIL... ON THE MORNING GLORIA WAS KILLED. . . "

WHAT IS IT, HONEY? WHAT DO YOU WANT YOUR WIFE TO DO FOR YOU?

I WISH YOU'D DRIVE UP TO ROCK PEAK AND BORROW HANK LAYTON'S POWER ADORING MOTOR! I WANT TO WORK ON THE CAR-DEN TOMORROW.

"POOR GLORIA, THE LITTLE IDIOT! SHE WAS CRAZY ABOUT ME UNTIL THE VERY END . . . "

SHE LAUGHED WHEN I TOLD HER WHAT MY "FAVOR" WAS AND KISSED ME... SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT I WAS LAUGHING TOO!"

I'LL BE *GLAD* TO DO IT, PAUL! IT'S A *BEAUTIFUL* DRIVE UP THERE!

YOU *BETTER* ENJOY IT, BABY.. IT'LL BE YOUR *LAST* ONE!

"I'D MADE ALL THE "ARRANGEMENTS" THE NIGHT BEFORE AND SO THERE WAS NOTHING FOR ME TO DO BUT GO TO THE OFFICE. GLORIA LEFT THE HOUSE AT NOON AND WAS ATOP ROCK PEAK AN HOUR LATER...

GIVE ME BEST TO PAUL, GLORIA! AND BE *CAREFUL* GOING DOWN...THOSE *HAIRPIN CURVES* CAN BE *DANGEROUS!*

DON'T WORRY, HANK! I'M A GOOD DRIVER!

GLORIA *WAS* A GOOD DRIVER... BUT NO DRIVER, GOOD OR BAD, CAN FUNCTION WITHOUT BRAKES...

C-CAN'T STOP...THE BRAKES AREN'T WORKING! O-OH, MY GOD...

"TCH...TCH...TCH...POOR GLORIA, SHE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE...

CRASH! *EEEEEE*

SECONDS LATER IT WAS ALL OVER..

"THE STATE POLICE FOUND HER AND CALLED ME. OH, I PUT ON A GOOD ACT, ALL RIGHT! YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT I WAS NEARLY OUT OF MY MIND WITH GRIEF..."

NO! SHE CAN'T BE DEAD... SHE ISN'T DEAD! I WON'T BELIEVE IT! GLORIA, GLORIA, DARLING...

I KNOW IT'S A *SHOCK*, MR. MOORE, BUT YOU'VE *GOT* TO PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER!

"THE FUNERAL WAS A RIOT! I STOOD THERE, MY HEAD BOWED, MY EYES FILLED WITH TEARS ...AND MY HEART FILLED WITH DELIGHT! I WAS RID OF HER...A FREE MAN...AND $50,000 RICHER!"

ASHES TO ASHES...

I CAN HARDLY BEAR TO LOOK AT GLORIA. SHE JUST FLOATS THERE, SHOCKED, CHOKED WITH RAGE AND HORROR . . .

HE KILLED ME! DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID...HE KILLED ME ...MURDERED ME!

NOW, GLORIA, TRY TO BE CALM! THESE THINGS, UNFORTUNATELY, SOMETIMES HAPPEN, BUT...

BUT THERE IS NO CALMING HER...SHE'S LIKE A WILD WOMAN...ER, WILD GHOST . . .

HE DID IT FOR *HER!* FOR THAT *PEROXIDED CHEAP HUSSY!* OH, I'LL GET *EVEN*...IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO, *I'LL GET EVEN!*

GLORIA, YOU *SHOULDN'T* TALK THAT WAY. IT'S AGAINST THE *RULES!* I CAN'T *PERMIT* IT!

AN HOUR PASSED...AN HOUR IN WHICH GLORIA HAS YELLED, SOBBED, AND HAD HYSTERICS. NOW I TRY TO CONVINCE HER TO ACCOMPANY ME BACK "HOME" . . .

PLEASE, SPIRIT X, *PLEASE*, DON'T START *THAT* AGAIN! I'M *NOT* GOING BACK! PAUL IS *MINE*...I WON'T LET HIM GO!

GOOD LORD, DON'T TELL ME YOU *STILL* LOVE HIM? HE *MURDERED* YOU!

BUT SHE DOES STILL LOVE HIM. DEAR ME, DEAD OR ALIVE, I'LL *NEVER* UNDERSTAND WOMEN! AFTER AN HOUR MORE OF ARGUING, WE FINALLY DECIDE ON A COMPROMISE . . .

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, YOU WIN! I'LL GIVE YOU *ONE DAY* ON EARTH *ALONE*...AND YOU PROMISE TO COME HOME WITH ME AFTER THAT DAY!

YES, IF YOU STILL WANT ME, I'LL COME WITH YOU!

I LEAVE WITH MISGIVINGS...WHAT IS SHE GOING TO DO DURING THOSE 24 HOURS? MY LAST GLIMPSE OF HER IS AS SHE FLOATS SILENTLY BACK TO THE WINDOW . . .

I DON'T *LIKE* THIS MESS...DON'T LIKE IT ONE BIT! THAT LOOK IN HER EYE . . .

BUT, HONEY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT *HAPPENED* TO THE BRAKES? WHY DIDN'T THEY WORK?

THEY DIDN'T WORK BECAUSE THE NIGHT BEFORE I MADE A TINY *PUNCTURE* IN THE BRAKE DRUM BY THE TIME POOR GLORIA HIT THE DOWNGRADE, ALL THE BRAKE FLUID HAS SEEPED OUT! *SIMPLE*, EH, DARLING?

PAUL, DARLING, YOU'RE SO CLEVER! AND DON'T FORGET, YOU PROMISED BABY SHE COULD HAVE A NEW *MINK!*

DON'T WORRY, BABY, I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN! AS FOR POPPA, THAT INSURANCE I TOOK OUT ON GLORIA IS GOING TO FURNISH A BIG NEW *CADILLAC*... PLUS DOUGH TO BURN!

I GET BACK HOME LATE THAT NIGHT AND FALL ASLEEP ON A CLOUD, EMOTIONALLY EXHAUSTED/ IT'S BEEN A TERRIBLE DAY...AND I HAVE NIGHTMARES...

EEEEEEEE

I AWAKEN IN A COLD SWEAT AND IN DESPERATION FINALLY SEEK OUT THE ADMISSIONS OFFICER... I NEED ADVICE...

GOOD GRIEF, X, DO YOU REALIZE WHAT TIME IT IS? WHAT ON EARTH IS WRONG?

EVERYTHING! EVERYTHING'S WRONG!

I TELL HIM THE WHOLE STORY, AND WHEN I FINISH HE JUST SHAKES HIS HEAD DISGUSTEDLY...

X, YOU'RE AN IDIOT! YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT HER THERE ALONE! AND WORSE YET, NOW THAT YOU'VE GIVEN YOUR WORD, YOU CAN'T GO BACK UNTIL THE 24 HOURS IS OVER!

I KNOW, I KNOW...OH, LORD, I WONDER WHAT SHE'S DOING NOW?

DA DE DUM, DA DE DUM...

IT SEEMED LIKE AN ETERNITY BUT AT LAST THE 24 HOURS HAS PASSED AND I'M ON MY WAY TO MEET GLORIA AND BRING HER BACK HOME...

OH, THANK GOODNESS, YOU'RE HERE! I WAS AFRAID SOMETHING MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED!

HAPPENED? BUT WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ME? AFTERALL, I'M ALREADY DEAD!

OH, YES, I'D FORGOTTEN! WELL, ENOUGH TALKING, LET'S BE ON OUR WAY!

GIVE ME JUST ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES! PAUL IS ON HIS WAY TO MEET LYDIA...LET'S FLOAT OVERHEAD!

I DECIDE TO HUMOR HER FOR THE LAST TIME... AFTERALL, SHE HAD BEEN GOOD DURING THOSE 24 HOURS...

I MUST SAY, MY DEAR, YOU SEEM IN A FINE MOOD! SO MUCH BETTER THAN LAST NIGHT!

I AM IN A GOOD MOOD... AND WHY NOT? I'M GOING TO GET MY HUSBAND BACK! DA DE DUM DUM DE!

GOING TO GET YOUR HUSBAND BACK? B-BUT... BUT... OH, NO! NO! YOU'VE... YOU'VE...

THAT'S RIGHT, X, OLD BOY, I'VE FIXED THE BRAKES!

SCREEEEEEE

E-HEY, THE BRAKES! I CAN'T STOP... I...

THE CAR CAREENS WILDLY DOWN THE HILL... AND FINALLY CRASHES INTO A TELEPHONE POLE. PAUL MOORE'S AGONIZED SCREAM FILLS THE AIR . . .

YAAAAGHH

CRASH!

PAUL IS DEAD AND IT IS ONLY SECONDS LATER WHEN HIS SPIRIT ARISES FROM THE MANGLED METAL . . .

GLORIA! W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHERE AM I?

HELLO, DARLING! DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED, YOU'LL GET USED TO IT AFTER A WHILE! WE'RE DEAD!

OH, MY, WHAT'LL I DO? WHAT'LL I DO!

I CAN'T TAKE YOU WITH ME NOW! YOU'RE A MURDERER! YOU'RE BOTH MURDERERS!

FOR AN INSTANT, I'M UTTERLY BEWILDERED. NEITHER ONE OF THEM BELONGS IN GHOUL HEAVEN... BUT WHAT WILL I DO WITH THEM? THEN A VOICE ANSWERS MY QUESTION . . .

DON'T WORRY, X, I'VE COME FOR THEM! THEY'RE MINE. NOW

NO... NO... NOT THAT!

DON'T FRET, DARLING, IT DOESN'T MATTER! WE'LL BE TOGETHER!

I WATCH AS THE OTHER MESSENGER LEADS THEM DOWNWARD... DOWNWARD... WELL, AT LEAST GLORIA'S HAPPY! SHE'S GOT PAUL BACK JUST LIKE SHE SAID SHE WOULD . . .

PAUL, DARLING, DARLING! YOU'RE MINE AGAIN! MINE!

GET AWAY FROM ME, GLORIA! LEAVE ME ALONE!

SORRY, BUB, YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE HER NOW!

TCH, TCH, TCH... AND SHE WAS SUCH A NICE GIRL!

WELCOME HOME, KIDDIES!

THE END

COMPLETE BAFFLING MAGIC OUTFIT

20 First Class Illusions

BE A MAGICIAN — FOOL AND DELIGHT THEM WITH A FULL 2 HOUR MYSTERY SHOW

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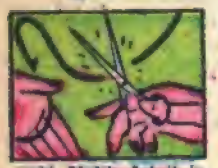

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Now the top secrets of 20 professional magic tricks are yours to entertain and amaze your friends and make you popular. With this outfit you get 20 exclusive tricks and the secret knowledge of how to easily perform them all for only $1.00.

You Alone Will Know These Revealing Secrets

Imagine, by just waving your magic wand and shouting a few magic words you will be able to make things disappear and reappear . . . imagine your friends and mother and dad all being fooled, surprised and amazed. You'll hold them spell-bound. They will just sit open mouthed with wonderment. They'll be delighted, for it's a barrel of fun for everyone. It's so fascinating and thrilling . . . BUT . . . the hidden secrets will be yours, never to reveal. Follow the simple directions and no one will ever catch on.

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The illustrated instructions furnished are so simple you will master all these tricks at once. It's fun practicing too . . . for here you have a short cut to magic learning that starts you doing tricks right away. You can't go wrong . . . it's as easy as A, B, C's . . . AND . . . the set of 20 exclusive tricks is almost a gift at this limited offer price of $1.00.

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Rush my Baffling Magic Outfit on approval for only $1.00. If I am not completely satisfied I may return it after 10 days free trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

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☐ I enclose $1 for my MAGIC OUTFIT. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage. Same money back guarantee.

MEN! WOMEN! take orders for famous NYLONS GUARANTEED 9 MOS.

ONLY YOUR SPARE TIME NEEDED

A CAR IN 4 MONTHS—AND UP TO $20 IN A HALF DAY

"I cannot express my thrill upon receiving this beautiful new Chevrolet. I was a bit doubtful at first but now it is a reality and I thank you for making it so. I have earned this car in just four short months and I'm sure others can do the same. Thank you for making it possible for me to earn more money than ever before. I have earned as much as twenty dollars for one half day and my bonus alone for one month was $125.00."—*Mrs. E. A. Conway*

NEW CAR GIVEN OR IF YOU ALREADY HAVE A CAR YOU CAN GET A NEW ONE ON OUR "TRADE-IN" PLAN—WIL-KNIT actually gives new Fords, Plymouths or Chevrolets to producers as a **bonus in addition to your regular earnings.** It is yours. Or if you now have a car, you can get a new one even quicker under our "trade-in" plan without paying a penny. Get the facts now.

NO HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING REQUIRED

Our unusual plan is a sure-fire money maker! Sensational Guarantee is creating a tremendous demand for Wil-knit Nylons! Mrs. Nellie Gail of Iowa started out with me and made $48.89 the very first week in just her spare hours. Mrs. Agnes McCall, of South Carolina, did even better. Her spare time in her very first week brought her earnings of $95.56. Mrs. Walter Simmons of New York turned her spare time into earnings of $92.82 her first week out. THESE EXCEPTIONAL EARNINGS FOR JUST SPARE TIME and in the very first week give you an idea of the possibilities!

GUARANTEED AGAINST Runs, Wear and Even Snags!

Why is it so easy for Wil-knit Salespeople to get orders? I'll tell you —It's because we stand back of Wil-knit Nylons with the most amazing guarantee you have ever heard of. Your customers can wear out their hose. They can develop runs. They can even snag them. No matter what happens to make Wil-knit Nylons unwearable . . . within 9 months, depending on quantity . . . **we replace them free of charge under terms of our guarantee.** No wonder women are anxious to buy Wil-knit! And no wonder it is easy to quickly build up a fine and STEADY year around income. Earnings start immediately. Look at these exceptional figures—Lillian A. Bronson of Georgia made $80.60 first week spare time. Ethel Cameron of Michigan, $64.14. Sabine Faber, New York, reports earnings of $70.10 under our unusual plan just for spare time in her first week. Mrs. Edward Leo of Minn. in writing to thank us for the new Plymouth she received, also reports: "I actually earned $12.00 in twenty minutes by the clock. I actually couldn't believe I earned that much until I re-checked my figures."

SEND NO MONEY JUST NAME & HOSE SIZE . . .

SIMPLY MAIL COUPON. When you send for Selling Outfit, I also send your choice of Nylons or Socks for your personal use. Just mail your name for the facts about the most sensational line of hosiery for men, women and children ever offered. Your friends and neighbors will admire you and this unusual selection of most beautiful hosiery! Just mail coupon or postal card now, and learn at once how you, too, can earn big money in FULL or SPARE TIME and qualify for an *extra bonus* and a New Car over and above your cash earnings. *L. Lowell Wilkin*

WIL-KNIT HOSIERY CO., Inc., A-8142 Midway, Greenfield, Ohio

LOOK AT THESE EXCEPTIONAL First Week Spare Time Earnings

Space permits mentioning only these few exceptional cases, but they give you an idea of the **Big Money** that is possible in just spare time starting the very first week.

Mr. Richard Peters, Penna. **$63.94** First Week SPARE TIME

Mrs. Virgil Hickman, Tenn. **$74.97** First Week SPARE TIME

Mr. Henry O'Rourke, Vermont **$58.89** First Week SPARE TIME

Mrs. J. A. Sievers, Fla. **$85.14** First Week SPARE TIME

Mr. Anthony Avrilla, Wash. **$135.00** First Week SPARE TIME

Mrs. Agnes Michaels, Ind. **$54.18** First Week SPARE TIME

Russell P. Hart, New York **$3.30** First Week SPARE TIME

Mrs. W. B. Foss, S. Dak. **$60.47** First Week SPARE TIME

Mr. A. E. Lewison, Ga. **$52.26** First Week SPARE TIME

Mrs. Emery Sheets, Wyo. **$48.69** First Week SPARE TIME

Mr. J. Hillman Jr., Ohio **$49.72** First Week SPARE TIME

Mrs. John Gorman, Conn. **$71.54** First Week SPARE TIME

Mr. W. Riley, Ill. **$72.72** First Week SPARE TIME

Miss Frances Freeman, Texas **$62.73** First Week SPARE TIME

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MY HOSE SIZE IS_____ MY AGE IS_____ YEARS

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

HEH, HEH, HEH, WELCOME TO THE CHAMBER OF *HORRORS*, KIDDIES! THIS IS A *SWEET* LITTLE GEM WE *KNOW* YOU'LL ENJOY! BARE YOUR *FANGS*, GRAB HOLD OF YOUR *BROOMSTICKS* AND PREPARE FOR A JOURNEY INTO *TERROR!* THIS TIME WE TAKE YOU TO GERMANY... A LAND, SO THE WITCHES LEGENDS TELL, FILLED WITH A *SPECIAL* VARIETY OF CREATURES: CREATURES KNOWN AS ___ ___ ___

WEREWOLVES

OUR SCENE OPENS IN A DINGY LITTLE CAFE IN BERLIN, GERMANY. THE YEAR IS 1930 AND THE TWO PEOPLE TALKING SO EARNESTLY ARE HANS FREDERICK AND HIS WIFE, HILDA. . .

YOU'VE *GOT* TO DO IT, HANS! I *WARN* YOU, I WON'T LIVE THIS WAY MUCH LONGER! I'M *SICK* OF BEING *POOR!*

BUT HILDA, IT IS THE TIMES! *EVERYBODY* IS POOR!

NO, HANS, NOT *EVERY-BODY* IS POOR... YOUR UNCLE JOSEF, FOR EXAMPLE! HE IS A *WEALTHY* MAN! MAKE HIM GIVE US SOME MONEY!

HILDA, BE *REASONABLE!* I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN TWENTY YEARS! HE'S STUCK AWAY IN SOME LITTLE BAVARIAN VIL-LAGE! HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I'M ALIVE!

BUT HILDA FREDERICK DID NOT GIVE UP EASILY... SHE NAGGED AND NAGGED UNTIL FINALLY, IN DESPERATION, HANS AGREED TO HER PLAN . . .

ALL RIGHT, *ALL RIGHT!* ANYTHING TO SHUT YOUR MOUTH FROM *YAPPING!* WE WILL PAY UNCLE JOSEF A VISIT . . . BUT I WARN YOU, IT IS A WASTE OF TIME AND OUR LITTLE MONEY!

WE'LL SEE!

AND SO IT WAS ON A DAY LATE IN FALL THAT HANS FREDERICK AND HIS WIFE ARRIVED IN THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF AUSFRITZ . . .

ACH! IS THERE ANYTHING WORSE THAN THESE *DREARY* LITTLE MOUNTAIN TOWNS! I HOPE WE WON'T BE HERE LONG!

WE WON'T! UNCLE WILL SAY *NO* VERY QUICKLY AND THEN WE CAN LEAVE! COME, WE'D BETTER FIND SOMEONE TO DIRECT US TO HIS HOUSE!

THE NAME OF JOSEF FREDERICK WAS HIGHLY RESPECTED IN AUSFRITZ AND HIS NEPHEW HAD LITTLE TROUBLE IN LEARNING WHERE THE OLD MAN LIVED . . .

OH, YES I KNOW THE OLD GENTLEMAN! A FINE MAN . . . LIVES UP THERE! RIGHT ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN!

ON TOP OF A MOUNTAIN? *GOOD LORD!* WHERE CAN WE GET A TAXI?

YOU WON'T GET ONE TONIGHT! PEOPLE IN AUSFRITZ DO NOT LEAVE THE CITY AFTER THE SUN SETS... THERE ARE WEREWOLVES IN THE VICINITY!

WEREWOLVES!

HOW *RIDICULOUS!*

BUT RIDICULOUS OR NOT RIDICULOUS, THE FREDERICKS HAD TO SPEND THE NIGHT AT THE TOWN'S ONLY INN... NO ONE WOULD TAKE THEM UP TO THE MOUNTAIN . . .

NO, SIR, *SORRY!* YOU COULDN'T PAY ME ENOUGH TO GO UP THERE AT NIGHT!

IN THE MORNING, YES! AT NIGHT, *NO!*

NOT ME, HERR FREDERICKS!

NOT UNTIL NOON OF THE NEXT DAY DID THEY FINALLY MAKE THEIR WAY UP THE NARROW MOUNTAIN PATH . . .

SHOULD BE THERE WITHIN A HOUR. I IMAGINE YOUR UNCLE WILL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU, HERR FREDERICKS! HE'S A LONELY MAN SINCE YOUR AUNT DIED!

I DIDN'T KNOW HE'D MARRIED. YOU SEE I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN . . . SAY, WHAT'S THE EXCITEMENT UP AHEAD?

THE OLD CART JOGGED TO A BUMPY HALT IN FRONT OF A SMALL CLUSTER OF GRIM-FACED MEN . . .

ACH, YES, *ANOTHER* ONE! *TORN TO SHREDS!* POOR DEVIL, HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!

HANS AND HILDA JOINED THE MEN AND PEERED DOWN AT THE REMAINS OF WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN A MAN . . .HE WAS HARDLY RECOGNIZABLE AS A HUMAN BEING, HIS FLESH WAS IN RIBBONS, HIS EYES GLAZED WITH UNTOLD HORROR . . .

GOOD GOD, (GAG) LOOK AT HIM!

IT'S THE WORK OF *WEREWOLVES,* ALL RIGHT! NO DOUBT OF IT!

BUT EVEN THE SIGHT OF THE HIDEOUS CORPSE DID NOT DEPRESS THE FREDERICKS FOR LONG... MONEY WAS THEIR GOAL AND NOTHING, DEAD OR ALIVE, WAS GOING TO STAND IN THEIR WAY...

THIS IS IT, HERR FREDERICK!

FINE!

FINE, INDEED! *WONDERFUL!* LET US FORGET THE STUPID WEREWOLF LEGEND AND GET TO *WORK,* HANS!

JOSEF FREDERICK WELCOMED HIS NEPHEW AND NIECE WITH OBVIOUS PLEASURE... THE DRIVER HAD BEEN RIGHT, THE OLD MAN *WAS* LONELY.

I HAVE THOUGHT OF YOU *OFTEN,* HANS, BUT I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULD HAVE *NO TIME* FOR A SICK OLD MAN!

NO TIME FOR *YOU,* UNCLE? HOW *WRONG* YOU ARE!

OH, YES, THE UNSCRUPULOUS PAIR POURED IT ON... POURED IT ON THICK...

HANS HAS ALWAYS TOLD ME YOU WERE HIS *FAVORITE* RELATIVE, *UNCLE* JOSEF! I HOPE YOU DON'T *MIND* MY CALLING YOU "UNCLE"!

HOW *COULD* I MIND, SWEET HILDA? YOU AND HANS HAVE MADE ME FEEL TEN YEARS YOUNGER ALREADY!

THEY WAITED A WEEK... AND THEN HANS MADE HIS PLEA FOR MONEY...

...AND I *HATED* TO ASK YOU, UNCLE JOSEF, BUT TIMES IN BERLIN ARE HARD! NO JOBS, NO CREDIT! HILDA AND I ARE *DESPERATE!*

YES, UNCLE, *DESPERATE!*

THEY HELD THEIR BREATH AS THE OLD MAN SAT QUIETLY FOR FULLY FIVE MINUTES... AND THEN HE SPOKE...

NO, HANS, I'LL *NOT* GIVE YOU MONEY ...*NOW!* BUT, IF YOU AND HILDA WILL LIVE HERE UNTIL I DIE, I'LL MAKE YOU THE *BENEFICIARIES* OF MY WILL!

TWO DAYS LATER JOSEF FREDERICK'S LAWYER DREW UP A NEW WILL... A WILL LEAVING HIS NEPHEW HIS ENTIRE FORTUNE *IF* BUT ONE CONDITION WAS CARRIED OUT...

YOU'RE SURE YOU UNDERSTAND, HERR KESSLER? THE DOCUMENT IS TO BE VALID *ONLY* IF HANS AND HIS WIFE ARE STILL RESIDING HERE AT THE TIME OF MY DEATH!

I UNDERSTAND, HERR FREDERICK!

WE'LL BE HERE!

FOR A YEAR ALL WENT WELL, EACH MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD WAS WELL-PLEASED WITH THE ARRANGEMENT. IT WAS HILDA WHO FIRST GREW DISCONTENTED...

I TELL YOU I'M *BORED*, HANS! *BORED TO DEATH!*

YOU MUST TRY TO BE *PATIENT*, HILDA! WE *CAN'T* LEAVE NOW!

PATIENT... *PATIENT!* I'M *SICK* OF BEING PATIENT! WHY DOESN'T HE *DIE?* AT THE RATE HE'S GOING, HE'LL LIVE TO BE A *HUNDRED!*

SSSSSH, HE'LL HEAR YOU! TRY TO KEEP HOLD OF YOURSELF! HE'S *BOUND* TO DIE SOON!

ACH! WHAT A *FOOL* I MARRIED! I HAVE TO TELL HIM EVERYTHING! I DON'T *INTEND* TO WAIT UNTIL DEAR UNCLE JOSEF *FINALLY* GETS AROUND TO DYING... I WANT TO *KILL* HIM, YOU STUPID IDIOT!

K-KILL HIM??

YES, *KILL* HIM...AND I'VE GOT IT ALL WORKED OUT! WE'RE GOING TO *POISON* HIM! STOP LOOKING SO WORRIED AND LISTEN TO ME...

I'LL LISTEN, BUT I MAKE NO PROMISES, HILDA! THEY HANG *MURDERERS!* I HAVE NO DESIRE TO DIE!

BUT AS ALWAYS, HANS WAS NO MATCH FOR HIS WIFE'S NAGGING... ON THE SERVANTS' DAY OFF HILDA GOT HER PLAN INTO ACTION...

THAT MUST BE SOMETHING *SPECIAL* YOU'RE COOKING, HILDA! IT SMELLS *WONDERFUL!*

IT *IS* SOMETHING SPECIAL, UNCLE!

NOW REMEMBER, STUPID! DO NOT EAT THE *CABBAGE!*

POOR HILDA, SHE'D TAKEN EVERYTHING INTO CONSIDERATION... EXCEPT THAT UNCLE JOSEF DIDN'T LIKE CABBAGE!

DELICIOUS STEW...

DELICIOUS! NO, THANK YOU, MY DEAR, *NEVER* EAT CABBAGE... BAD FOR MY GOUT! *VERY BAD!* BUT GO AHEAD, YOU TWO YOUNG PEOPLE EAT IT!

ER... I-I'M FULL RIGHT NOW! MAYBE LATER!

BUT WOMEN LIKE HILDA ARE NOT EASILY DISCOURAGED... AND ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, AFTER A VISIT FROM THE LOCAL CONSTABLE, SHE DECIDED ON A NEW SCHEME...

JUST THOUGHT I'D BETTER *WARN* YOU, MR. FREDERICK. THE *WERE-WOLF'S* AT IT AGAIN! WE FOUND A *BODY* NOT A MILE FROM HERE THIS MORNING!

THANK YOU, CONSTABLE! *FORTUNATELY,* I HAVE MY NEPHEW HERE TO *PROTECT* ME!

IT WAS THAT NIGHT WHEN HILDA TOLD THE RELUNCTANT HANS OF THE NEW PLAN...

DON'T YOU SEE, HANS, IT'S *PERFECT!* THESE STUPID PEOPLE BELIEVE IN *WEREWOLVES*...ALL RIGHT, WE'LL MAKE *MINCEMEAT* OUT OF UNCLE JOSEF AND BLAME IT ON THE WEREWOLF!

FOR ONCE, HANS DIDN'T ARGUE. HE TOO DISCOUNTED THE TOWNSPEOPLE'S BELIEF IN WEREWOLVES ...BUT HE REALIZED THAT THEY WOULD NEVER QUESTION JOSEF'S DEATH IF IT WERE ATTRIBUTED TO THE LEGENDARY BEAST...

YOU'RE RIGHT, HILDA! THEY'D BE TOO FRIGHTENED TO SUSPECT ANYTHING! BUT WE'D BETTER DO IT *SOON*... SUPPOSEDLY THE WEREWOLF NEVER STRIKES UNLESS THERE'S A *FULL MOON!*

AGAIN A MURDER PLAN WAS CAREFULLY THOUGHT OUT...AND THIS TIME THERE WOULD BE NO ERRORS.

ALL THAT WE HAVE TO DO IS GET HIM OUT HERE, SHOVE THE WHEELCHAIR OVER THE CLIFF AND WE'RE SET!

YES, EXCEPT FOR THE *HATCHET* JOB ON HIS SKIN! YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT, HANS...AND MAKE SURE TO TEAR HIM TO *RIBBONS!* REMEMBER HOW THAT BODY LOOKED WE SAW ON THE ROAD!

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS BEHIND ALL THIS WEREWOLF FRIGHT, HILDA? AFTER ALL, THAT BODY *WASN'T* FANTASY... IT WAS *REAL!*

OF COURSE, IT WAS REAL! THE POOR MAN PROBABLY MET UP WITH A WOLF... *JUST A PLAIN ORDINARY RUN-OF-THE-MILL-WOLF!*

EVERYTHING WAS SET FOR THAT NIGHT...AND WHEN JOSEF FREDERICK AND HIS "DEVOTED" NEICE AND NEPHEW FINISHED THEIR EVENING MEAL...

LOVELY MOON, ISN'T IT, CHILDREN? NOTHING SO PRETTY AS A FULL MOON!

YES, UNCLE!

HAVE THE SERVANTS GONE TO BED?

YES, BUT WAIT TEN MINUTES JUST TO BE SAFE!

THE TEN MINUTES SEEMED LIKE AN ETERNITY TO THE EAGER MURDERERS...BUT FINALLY THE TIME PASSED...

WOULD YOU CHILDREN LIKE TO TAKE A LITTLE STROLL WITH AN OLD MAN?

WHY, THAT'S A *FINE* IDEA, UNCLE...IN FACT, I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SUGGEST IT *MYSELF!*

FATE SEEMED TO BE SMILING AT HANS AND HILDA.. JOSEF DIRECTED HIS WHEELCHAIR TOWARD THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF WITHOUT ANY URGING FROM THEM...

MAGNIFICENT VIEW! I NEVER TIRE OF LOOKING AT IT!

I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT, UNCLE...*BECAUSE YOU ARE GOING TO DIE LOOKING AT IT!*

BUT HANS' WORDS SEEMED TO HAVE NO EFFECT ON THE OLD MAN... HIS MILD BROWN EYES SHOWED NO EMOTION AS THEY PEERED QUIZICALLY AT HIS NEPHEW...
BUT WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M GOING TO DIE, MY BOY!
YOU'RE GOING TO DIE BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO KILL YOU, YOU OLD GOAT! WE'RE SICK OF WAITING FOR THAT MONEY!
BUT EVEN AS HANS RUSHED FOREWARD, READY TO PUSH THE WHEELCHAIR OFF THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF, JOSEF FREDERICK REMAINED CALM AND UNANGERED... HE SEEMED SAD RATHER THAN AFRAID...
TCH, TCH, TCH, HANS, YOU SILLY LITTLE FOOL! YOU CAN'T KILL ME!
OH, NO! JUST WATCH HIM, UNCLE! JUST WATCH HIM!
ONE VIOLENT THRUST SENT THE WHEELCHAIR CAREENING OVER THE CLIFF... BUT JOSEF WAS NOT IN THE CHAIR...
BUT... BUT YOU CAN WALK!
YES, HILDA, I CAN WALK! MY, MY, YOU CHILDREN MAKE IT SO DIFFICULT! I'D GROWN RATHER FOND OF YOU!
FOR AN INSTANT HANS WAS TOO STUPIFIED TO MOVE... BUT THEN HE REGAINED HIS SENSES, OR AT LEAST, HE THOUGHT HE REGAINED THEM...
ALL RIGHT, SO YOU CAN WALK... SO WHAT... I'LL STILL KILL YOU!
BUT, HANS, DEAR BOY, I TOLD YOU BEFORE... YOU CAN'T KILL ME!
HANS TOOK HIS UNCLE'S NECK IN HIS HANDS AND STARTED TO SQUEEZE... BUT INSTEAD OF THE SCRAWNY NECK HE'D EXPECTED, IT WAS A STRONG NECK... A MUSCULAR NECK... A NECK FILLED WITH HAIR... AND WHEN HE PEERED DOWN AT HIS UNCLE'S FACE...
I'LL BREAK YOU... WH--- OH, NO... MY GOD, NO.....
OH, YES, HANS, YES... NOW YOU KNOW THE TRUTH!
HANS AND HILDA TURN TO FLEE... BUT IT IS TOO LATE... NO ONE ESCAPES THE GRASP OF A WEREWOLF!!
HAHAHAHAHA!
YAHAHHHHHHHHH!
POOR HILDA AND HANS... THE CONSTABLE FOUND THEIR BODIES... OR WHAT WAS LEFT OF THEIR BODIES ...ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING. IT WAS VERY SAD... WHEN UNCLE JOSEF HEARD THE NEWS HE CRIED...
I KNOW HOW YOU MUST FEEL, HERR FREDERICK... BUT IF IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, I GUARANTEE THAT ONE OF THESE DAYS WE'LL GET THAT BEAST... AND WHEN WE DO...
YES (SNIFF) YOU MUST GET HIM, CONSTABLE!
THE END

TERROR IN THE STARS

By ELLEN LYNN

THE men in our observatory called us the "three musketeers." Karl Manley, Russ Fenway and I had been buddies since boyhood—but the bond between Karl and me was especially close. We had always been interested in the same things, and as we grew older our interest in astronomy became an enthusiasm. I was even in love with the same girl, Lucy Tremont, but I knew she loved Karl — and I kept my frustrated emotions to myself.

Our new research laboratory was in the middle west, Lucy lived in the East. Often I would hear the low-voiced love-making of Karl as he spoke to her over the telephone. Although he was a scientist—perhaps because of it—Karl had the soul of a poet and the sentiments of love he expressed to Lucy (which I couldn't help overhearing since I was usually seated right next to him) were worthy of a Browning.

The hardest thing for Karl and Lucy was their separation—he in the west, she in the east. "I can't stand her being so far away from me," Karl once blurted out after one of his long-distance phone calls. "It's getting so I can hardly concentrate on my work. And Lucy is unhappy, too. We've decided to get married after this next field trip; she'll have to give up her job and come to live here."

By a lucky chance, Karl, Russ and I had been assigned together to a field trip to our new laboratory on the top of Mt. Crenshaw. The largest, newest, most powerful telescope in the world, based on nuclear theories had been recently completed there and we were to spend a month observing the heavens and writing papers on our findings. Russ rushed over to the both of us and boyishly placed an arm around each of our shoulders, bent over our desks. "We're going together, boys," he exclaimed happily. "That's really a break for us! We'll explore the heavens —far beyond what men have seen before. It's our big chance."

I grinned up at Russ, just as pleased as he was that the three of us were to be together on the job. But Karl seemed not to have heard. The pencil in his fingers was not writing, his eyes had a far-away look. Russ, in his jovial way, slapped Karl on the back. "Brace up, fella, Lucy'll be waiting for you—and you'll be back in four weeks." Without answering, Karl had gone to the telephone to speak to Lucy in the East.

The day before our departure, Karl had a wonderful surprise: Lucy had come out, just to say goodbye. The pang I felt at seeing the two dreamy-eyed lovers fall into each other's arms was equalled by the relief that at last Karl could ease up in his tension. The visit from Lucy was just what he needed, so that he could once again put his brilliant mind to work.

I drove Karl and Lucy to the airport to catch her plane back East. As though I weren't even there, they spoke endearing words of farewell before she got into the plane. "Really, kids," I tride to jest, "this isn't the last goodbye—only four weeks and you two will never be parted again. Remember?"

Lucy stared intently into Karl's eyes, and remained silent a moment. Then she said, rather solemnly, "You are right, Steve, Karl and I will never be parted. I swear it. No matter what happens, he and I will always be together."

"Spoken like a true lover," I declared, trying to break the spell of seriousness that had been cast.

Karl insisted on our waiting at the airfield till the plane disappeared like a bird into the heavens.

Back at the lab we put the finishing touches to our packing, and Russ's gay spirits somewhat lifted the cloud of gloom that had previously settled over Karl. He actually smiled a few times and by the time we started on our trip he was as good as his old self. He was even able to speak of Lucy without going into a spell. "Come to think of it," he said with a grin, "we'll be so busy the next few weeks, time ought to fly—and then Lucy and I will be married. I've been in a terrible mood lately, boys. It's been rough on you, I know, trying to get me to do my share of the work. But it'll all be different once Lucy and I are together for good."

Russ and I sighed with relief. It was good to have Karl act like a normal human being again. And when we reached the isolated hilltop where the marvelous telescope was situated he set to his observations and notes with renewed enthusiasm

and zest—perhaps even greater than the zeal Russ and I felt. The three of us looked through the powerful lens and felt an awesome thrill at the panorama of heavenly bodies sparkling brilliantly in the infinite space beyond. Karl worked tirelessly, long through the night—even after Russ and I had retired. For we were able to see far beyond the distances men's sight had travelled before.

One night I stirred uneasily in my sleep and woke up. I looked at the clock: it was three in the morning. Then I was startled by the sight of Karl standing in my room in the dim shadows. What on earth is he doing in here? I thought. Could he be walking in his sleep? His eyes were opened and he was staring at me with a strange expression. Then he whispered: "Steve—Steve—are you awake? I—I must talk to you."

I sat bolt upright. "What is it, Karl?" I asked, considerably disturbed by this apparition in the wee hours of the morning. "Is anything wrong?"

He came close to my bedside and I put on the lamp. His face looked ghastly and I was filled with a foreboding. Had he been working too hard? Was he suffering more from his separation from Lucy than we had realized?

Finally he spoke, in a queer voice. "Karl—I've seen Lucy! Now—don't say I'm mad! I've checked and double-checked."

"What do you mean?" I interrupted. "Is she here? Checked what?"

"I have been experimenting with the new mirror we developed and it's unbelievable. Then a few nights ago, Saturday, at 11:30 I saw her for the first time. It was so vague, I wasn't sure. I thought I was just imagining it. Last night I looked again—and there she was, plainly. My new nuclear sights were trained on Saturn. There she was—beckoning me. She wants me to come to her. She was beyond, even the stars."

I was flabbergasted. I didn't know how to handle this situation. My dear friend, my close buddy, had become deranged. Of that I was convinced. I did the best I could to reassure him, to humor him. "Tomorrow we'll telephone Lucy. That should ease your mind, Karl."

"No, no! I mustn't keep her waiting. She insists I join her at once," he declared.

"Well, get some sleep, Karl," I advised him. "And if you must, you can return after breakfast."

He left my room and I tried, not too successfully, to go back to sleep. A half hour later I was beginning to doze off when a sound outside made me leap from my bed and rush to the window. There was Karl, a knapsack on his shoulders, setting out to climb to the utmost peak of Mt. Cranshaw. I yelled after him. Russ came dashing in and together we called to Karl, but he continued his rapid ascent without looking back. We stood there helplessly watching. Knowing Karl, we both realized it would be useless to try to stop him, even if we could possibly reach him at the pace he was going.

"But what is he after?" Russ asked in bewilderment.

I told him the incident in my room and of Karl's hallucination that he saw Lucy beckoning him to come to her into space. In spite of our anxiety, I understood Russ's outburst of laughter. It was a nervous reaction, true, but it was also ludicrous to think of Karl marching off into space to find his lady-love.

There was no more sleep for either of us. We dressed and kept our eyes on the figure of Karl gradually growing smaller as he mounted higher and higher toward the peak hidden in clouds. Then, when our naked eyes could no longer see more than a dot we each picked up small telescopes and continued to follow our friend's fantastic climb.

Just before Karl disappeared into the mists, he turned around and we saw his face clearly in the lens. He was smiling joyously, and raised an arm to wave a friendly farewell. Somehow, this gesture depressed us and we gave up our vigil. That was the last we ever saw of Karl. He had gone, he said, to join his Lucy in space. How were we going to break the awful news to the real Lucy who would be waiting, waiting for Karl's return—expecting to be married the next day!

When we knew for certain that we saw the end of Karl, we returned to our headquarters. A telegram was waiting for him. We decided to open it. The message stunned us both. It was from Lucy's father. It read:

Mr. Karl Manley
Baldwin Observatory
Mt. Cranshaw

Shocking news. Just learned Lucy killed in accident Saturday 11:30 P.M.

Benjamin Troll.

"Saturday—11:30!" I exclaimed involuntarily. That was the exact date and time Karl first saw the vision of Lucy through the new nuclear telescope! They had sworn never to be apart. He had gone to join her! Can we believe that? We are scientists.

But what do you believe?

THE END

I AM A *COFFIN*..AN EMPTY BARREN *COFFIN!* OH, IT ISN'T THAT I'M NOT A *GOOD* COFFIN . . . *I AM!* MY BODY IS MADE OF THE *FINEST* MAHOGONY AND MY HINGES ARE STRONG SHINY BRASS: I'M EMPTY BECAUSE *NO BODY* WANTS ME . . .*YET!* I SIT HOPEFULLY EVERY DAY, WAITING. . . WAITING FOR *DEATH!* THIS IS MY STORY: A TALE OF

the COFFIN

L-LESTER, NO! FOR GOD'S SAKE, NO! KEEP THE MONEY... I—I DON'T WANT IT, BUT DON'T... DON'T KILL ME!

IT'S TOO LATE, DOC! YER GONNA DIE... NOW!

MY HOME IS IN THE BACK OF LESTER PETERS' *MORTUARY*. HERE, ALONG WITH A DOZEN OTHER COFFINS, I WAIT EAGERLY FOR THE DAY WHEN A BEREAVED RELATIVE WILL SELECT *ME* AS THE FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR THE BELOVED CORPSE...

I KNOW THIS IS *DIFFICULT*, MRS. HARVEY, BUT YOU *MUST* SELECT A *COFFIN* FOR MR. HARVEY! THIS IS A FINE ONE... SOLID MAHOGONY, BRASS HARDWARE AND . . .

NO, (SOB) HENRY (SOB) LIKED *PINE!* I WANT A (SOB) PINE COFFIN!

FOR AN INSTANT I THOUGHT MY TIME HAD COME... BUT, *NO*, THE WOMAN WANTED *PINE*. THIS IS ALWAYS THE WAY. EITHER I'M TOO EXPENSIVE OR THE BODY IS CREMATED OR THEY WANT ANOTHER KIND OF WOOD. SOMETIMES I DESPAIR OF *EVER* BEING CHOSEN!

I'LL *NEVER* GET RID OF THIS *DARN* THING! I MUST HAVE BEEN *CRAZY* TO STOCK SUCH AN EXPENSIVE COFFIN! NOBODY IN THIS *TWO-BIT* TOWN CAN AFFORD IT!

THE KINDLY FACE LESTER PETERS PRESENTS TO HIS PATRONS IS A FARCE. NOT ONLY IS LESTER CALCULATING AND MERCENARY, BUT HE IS ALSO A MURDERER...
HURRY UP, LES. I DON'T WANT ANYBODY TO SEE ME COMIN' IN HERE!
TAKE IT EASY, DOC! THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' STRANGE ABOUT A DOCTOR COMING TO TO SEE A MORTICIAN! YER GETTING NERVOUS, AMOS!
BUT DR. AMOS CRADDOCK HAS GOOD REASON TO BE NERVOUS... HE TOO IS A MURDERER! HE AND LESTER ARE PARTNERS IN A LITTLE GAME OF DEATH!
I SEE THAT HARVEY WENT OFF JEST LIKE WE PLANNED. I KNEW THE OLD MAN'S HEART COULDN'T STAND THE SHOCK OF AN OPERATION! WHAT'LL WE MAKE ON THE FUNERAL?
PRACTICALLY NOTHING! OLD LADY HARVEY BAWLED HER EYES OUT... BUT SHE WATCHED EVERY DIME LIKE A HAWK! THE WHOLE THING AIN'T GOIN' TO BE WORTH MORE'N SEVENTY-FIVE BUCKS APIECE!
IT'S A SWEET LITTLE SET-UP, ISN'T IT? THE LOCAL DOCTOR AND THE LOCAL MORTICIAN WORKING HAND-IN-GLOVE TO KILL OFF PEOPLE AND SPLIT THE PROFIT ON THE FUNERAL...
YOU'VE GOT TO DO BETTER THAN THAT, LES! THIS BUSINESS IS TOO RISKY TO SETTLE FOR PEANUTS!
DON'T BLAME ME, AMOS! IT AIN'T MY FAULT THAT NOBODY IN THIS TOWN HAS ANY MONEY!
YER WRONG THERE, LES... THERE IS ONE FAMILY THAT HAS MONEY... THE KNOLLS... AND OLD MAN KNOLL IS SICK RIGHT NOW!
YUH MEAN...
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN! HE'LL BE DEAD WITHIN A WEEK!
HOT DOG! I GOT JEST THE COFFIN FER HIM! IT'LL BE A BANG-UP FUNERAL... WORTH AT LEAST $1000!
I KNOW HE MEANS ME! I'M THE COFFIN HE'S TALKING ABOUT! I CAN FEEL A TREMBLE INSIDE OF ME, A TENSENESS, AN EXCITEMENT! AT LAST I'M TO HAVE A CORPSE OF MY VERY OWN...
HA! I CAN SOAK THE KNOLLS OVER $700 FOR THIS WHITE ELEPHANT ALONE!

IT IS FIVE DAYS LATER NOW AND MY INSIDES QUIVER WITH JOY AS I HEAR LESTER ON THE PHONE . . .

...OF COURSE, MRS. KNOLL, I'LL BE OVER *IMMEDIATELY!* YOU HAVE MY *DEEPEST* SYMPATHY!

HE DONS HIS BLACK SUIT AND HASTILY DRIVES OFF IN THE HEARSE. IT SEEMS LIKE HE'S GONE AN ETERNITY...I WAIT, BREATHLESS WITH ANTICIPATION... IT'S JUST A MATTER OF MINUTES NOW:.. JUST A MATTER OF MINUTES UNTIL *MINE* IS HERE...

HE'S INSIDE NOW, INSIDE AND ON THE EMBALMING TABLE. WHEN LESTER GETS FINISHED WITH HIM, I'LL TAKE HIM TO MY HUNGRY BOSOM, CARESS HIM... THE ENDLESS YEARS OF LONLINESS ARE ALMOST OVER . . .

WHAT A *PERFECT* SET-UP! WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH OLD MAN KNOLL EVEN AN *AUTOPSY* WOULDN'T SHOW DOC'S *POISON!*

IT'S OVER AND LESTER HAS LAID THE BODY OF ALFRED HAMILTON KNOLL INSIDE OF ME. HIS OLD BONES REST AGAINST MY QUILTED PADDING AND I FEEL LIKE A MOTHER WHO'S HOLDING HER CHILD FOR THE FIRST TIME . . .

I DON'T CARE THAT HE'S BEEN MURDERED, KILLED IN COLD BLOOD ...HE'S MINE AND I LOVE HIM. DURING THE NEXT TWO DAYS I LIVE IN AN ECSTASY OF DELIGHT AS TEARFUL MOURNERS PASS BEFORE ME, PAYING THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO MY CHARGE . . .

HE (SOB) WAS A GOOD MAN!

THE WHOLE TOWN WILL MISS HIM!

IT IS THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FUNERAL NOW. LESTER IS PREPARING TO PUT ME IN THE HEARSE WHEN AMOS CRADDOCK SURREPTITIOUSLY ENTERS THE REAR DOOR...

FOR *PETE'S SAKE,* STOP *SKULKING* AROUND, AMOS! THERE AIN'T NOBODY HERE... *EXCEPT* OLD MAN KNOLL! *HAHA!*

I AIN'T IN NO MOOD FOR HUMOR, LESTER! *I QUIT...* I'M *FINISHED!* THIS IS THE *LAST* JOB!

WHAT ARE YOH TALKIN' ABOUT? WHAT'S *WRONG?*

NUTHIN'S WRONG... I JEST *CAN'T* KEEP THIS UP! IT'S MAKIN' ME TOO *NERVOUS.* I DON'T *SLEEP* NIGHTS! OLD MAN KNOLL *SHOULDN'T* HAVE DIED . . .THERE WEREN'T *NUTHIN'* WRONG WITH HIM 'CEPT *INDIGESTION!*

AS AMOS SPEAKS I FEEL A STIRRING WITHIN MY BOSOM, AN ANGRY RESTLESS FLUTTERING. . .
YER YELLOW, AMOS! JEST PLAIN YELLOW!
MAYBE I AM... BUT I'M SICK OF BEING A MURDERER! AFTER I COLLECT MY SHARE OF THE KNOLL MONEY, YOU AND ME ARE THROUGH!
AMOS LEAVES. . .AND INSIDE THE EMBALMING ROOM TWO MEN MUTTER ANGRILY TO THEMSELVES. ONE OF THE MEN IS ALIVE
DIRTY COWARD! WITHOUT HIM, I'M SUNK! AT LEAST IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO SPLIT ON THE KNOLL JOB IT WOULDN'T BE TOO BAD... SAY, MAYBE . . .
BUT THE OTHER MAN IS DEAD...
THEY . . .KILLED . . .ME! THEY. . .KILLED . . .ME!
I TRY TO COMFORT MY CORPSE... BUT HE WON'T LISTEN. IT IS THE NEXT DAY NOW, THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL . . .
ASHES TO ASHES... DUST UNTO DUST...
HAMILTON KNOLL 1895 1953
THE MOURNERS LEAVE AND I SETTLE COMFORTABLY INTO MY NEW EARTH HOME... BUT I AM NOT HAPPY...ALFRED KNOLL WHISPERS HIS HATRED INTO MY WOODEN SIDES AND I WORRY. . .
MURDERERS. . .MURDERERS... THEY... KILLED . . .ME. . .
HAMILTON KNOOL 1895 1953
IT IS NIGHT. . .AND THE RESTLESSNESS WITHIN THE DEAD MAN HAS GROWN AND GROWN. I AM AFRAID, AFRAID I WILL LOSE MY PRECIOUS CHARGE. AS I HEAR FOOTSTEPS OVER MY HEAD I FEEL RELIEVED...PERHAPS THE FEAR OF DISCOVERY WILL KEEP THE BODY WITHIN ME AT PEACE . . .
AMOS'LL BE HERE IN TEN MINUTES...BETTER GET THIS LITTLE OLE AXE OUTTA THE WAY!
I STIFFEN WITH SHOCK AS I RECOGNIZE LESTER'S VOICE . . . WHAT IS HE DOING HERE?
HA! AND WHAT BETTER PLACE TO HIDE IT THAN BEHIND OLD MAN KNOLL'S GRAVE! DOC KILLED HIM . . .NOW HE CAN HELP ME KILL DOC!
4

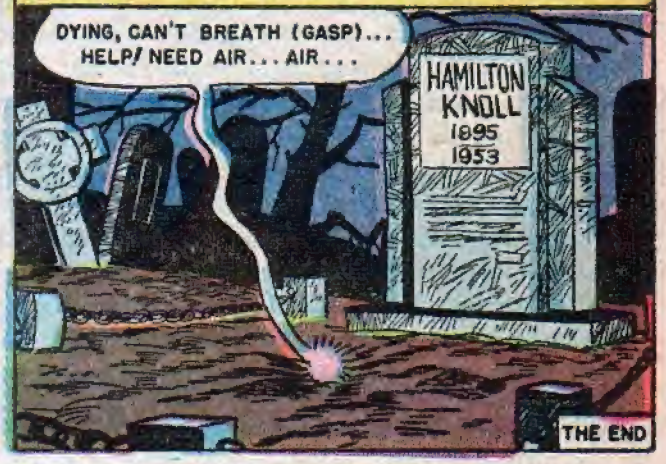
AT LESTER'S WORDS MY BELOVED CORPSE TURNS AND PUSHES, SCRATCHING AT MY QUILTED SIDES. . .
SUDDENLY EVERYTHING SEEMS TERRIFYING TO ME . . .AND WORSE YET, I CAN HEAR A NEW VOICE: AMOS CRADDOCK . . . .
LESTER? IS THAT YOU, LESTER?
YEAH, DOC, YUH CAN STOP WHISPERIN'. . . IT'S ME, ALL RIGHT!
YUH GOT THE MONEY WITH YUH? I DON'T LIKE BEIN' IN THIS CEMETERY! GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
IT OUGHTTA GIVE YUH THE CREEPS, DOC... YOU SENT ENOUGH PEOPLE HERE! HAHAHA!
I AIN'T IN NO MOOD FOR YER JOKES, LESTER! GIMME MY SHARE OF THE KNOLL FUNERAL AND LEMME GET OUTTA HERE!
OH, YEAH, I ALMOST FORGOT... YOUR SHARE OF THE MONEY. GEE, AMOS, I'M SORRY, BUT I AIN'T GOT IT WITH ME!
AIN'T GOT IT WITH YUH? SEE HERE, LESTER, WHAT ARE YOU TRYIN' TO PULL? I TOLE YOU, I AIN'T IN NO MOOD FOR JOKES!
THIS AIN'T NO JOKE, DOC! NO, NOT A JOKE AT ALL!
HAMILTON KNOLL
YER ACTIN' MIGHTY PECULIAR, LESTER, AND I DON'T LIKE... L—LESTER! WHAT... WHAT ON EARTH...
YEAH, DOC, IT'S AN AXE, AIN'T IT? YOU STUPID OLD FOOL! WHY SHOULD I SPLIT THE KNOLL MONEY WITH YOU? YOU'RE NO GOOD TO ME NOW!
IN FACT, IF YOU WUZ ALIVE, YOU MIGHT DO ME SOME HARM! YOU TURNED CHICKEN, AMOS... AND I'M GONNA KILL YUH!
N-NO, LESTER, NO! KEEP THE MONEY.. B-BUT LEAVE ME ALONE!
HA

FOR AN INSTANT THERE'S SILENCE AND I CAN HEAR ONLY THE SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS... BUT THEN THERE'S A SCREAM... A HORRIBLE, BLOODCURDLING SCREAM...

AND THEN ONCE AGAIN THERE'S SILENCE... BUT BY NOW I DON'T CARE. I'VE LOST MY CHARGE... HE'S BROKEN FREE OF ME...

I'M ALONE AGAIN... DESERTED! EVERY WOODEN PANEL OF MY BODY CRIES OUT IN PROTEST..." COME BACK! COME BACK!" I DO NOT KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING ABOVE ME AT THIS VERY INSTANT...

AND NOW I CAN SMILE! I'M NOT ALONE... MY EMPTINESS IS ONCE AGAIN FILLED... AND THIS TIME IT'S EVEN BETTER! I'VE GOT TWO CORPSES INSTEAD OF ONE!



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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Story Comics, Inc., 7 E. 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, William K. Friedman, 7 E. 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing editor, William K. Friedman, 7 E. 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Business manager, Morton Myers, 75-40 Austin Avenue, Forest Hills, N. Y.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

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By William K. Friedman

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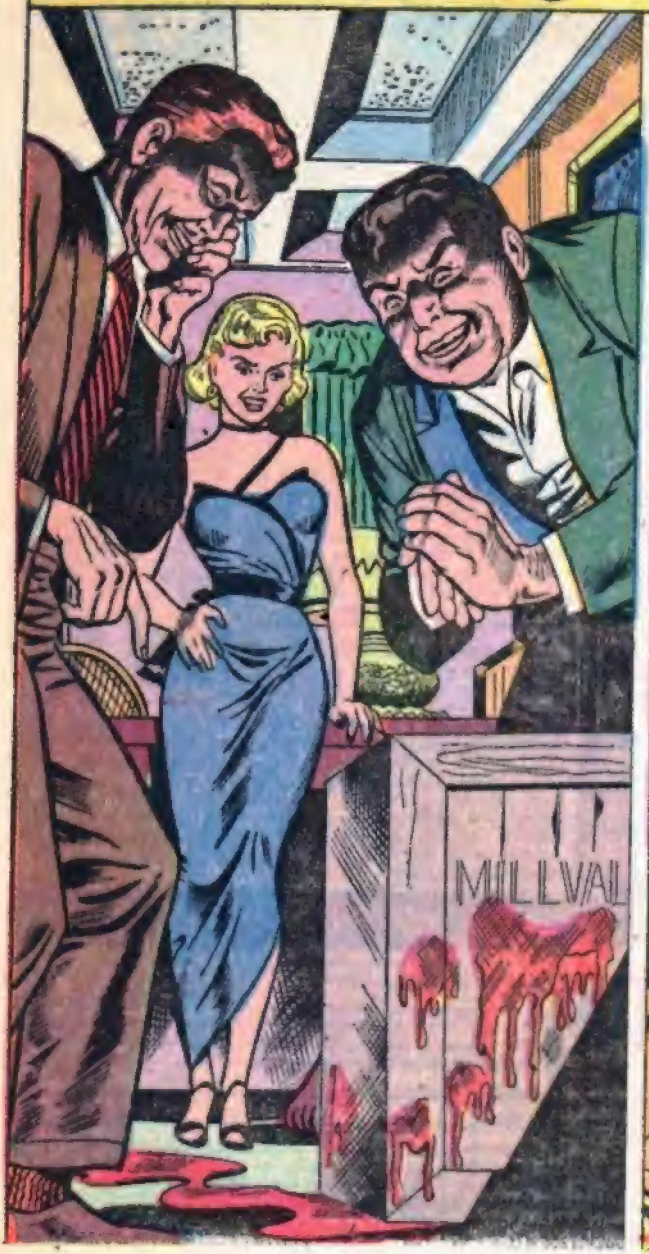
ALL THOSE WITH *STRONG* STOMACHS ARE INVITED TO ATTEND A *PARTY* GIVEN BY THIS TERRIFYING *THREESOME* OF *THIEVES*. THEY HAVE *PLENTY* OF REASON TO CELEBRATE . . . AFTER ALL, THEY JUST HIT THE *JACKPOT* AT. .

BANK night



AT THE END OF THE DIMLY-LIT CORRIDOR SAT A LONE FIGURE, BUSY AND UNAWARE OF THE TWO SHADOWS WHICH DETACHED THEMSELVES FROM THE OTHERS AND MOVED STEALTHILY TOWARD ONE OF THE CLOSED DOORS.

NOISELESSLY THE PROWLERS SLID INTO THE SMALL ROOM. IN THE DARK THEY GROPED TOWARD THEIR OBJECTIVE, WHICH LOOMED LARGE IN THE SPARSELY FURNISHED AREA. ONE OF THE MEN BENT OVER . . . THEN SWUNG OPEN THE HEAVY METAL DOOR. THERE WAS A TINY CLICK, AS THE LIGHT REVEALED THE PRECIOUS CONTENTS OF THE CABINET.

STILL UNOBSERVED, THE TWO MEN SLIPPED FROM THE ROOM AND DOWN THE HALL... BUT NOW EACH CARRIED A HEAVY BOX.
OUTSIDE THE BUILDING A CAR WAITED...
YOU GOT IT, DARLING!
YES, BUT WE'RE GOING BACK FOR MORE. BE READY TO GO, MAGDA.
TWICE THE SINISTER PAIR RETURNED TO THE LITTLE ROOM FOR ANOTHER LOAD, BUT AS THEY CREPT FROM THE BUILDING THE LAST TIME
WAIT! STOP, THEIVES!
THE WATCHMAN! HURRY, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
THE THIEVES AND THEIR BEAUTIFUL CONFEDERATE GLOATED OVER THEIR LOOT AS THEY SPED AWAY.
THAT DODDERING OLD IDIOT DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT US. WE'RE SAFE...AND RICH!
THIS HAUL CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION. WE'LL BREAK A BOTTLE TONIGHT, EH, JOE? HA! HA!
BUT OLD MATT HAD GOTTEN A LOOK AT THE TRIO AND WITHIN MINUTES HE WAS TELLING HIS STORY...
ONE WAS TALL AND THIN...
ONE SHORT AND FAT... BIG, BLACK SEDAN. AND THE BLONDE WAS A REAL BEAUTY. BUT WHAT I CAN'T FIGGER...
OK, THANKS, MATT. WITH THAT DESCRIPTION WE SHOULD GET 'EM.
LIGHTS BURNED LATE IN MILLVALE THAT NIGHT, AS THE CITY OFFICIALS GOT WORD OF THE CRIME.
MEN, THIS IS A TERRIBLE THING. BUT CHIEF RAEFORD HAS THE WHOLE FORCE ON THE CASE. WE'LL HAVE THESE CROOKS BY DAYLIGHT.
WE'D BETTER, MAYOR! THAT STUFF CAN BE DANGEROUS IN THE WRONG HANDS.
POLICE HEADQUARTERS WAS A HIVE OF ACTIVITY AS REPORTERS QUESTIONED THE BUSY CHIEF RAEFORD...
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY THE HAUL WAS WORTH, CHIEF?
IT'S PRICELESS, BOYS. THE COUNTY PATROL'S PUTTIN' UP A ROADBLOCK. WE INTEND TO RECOVER THE GOODS AND THOSE RATS IN TIME FOR YOUR MORNING EDITION.

BUT THE "RATS" SEEMED FAR FROM TRAPPED AS THEIR POWERFUL CAR PURRED DOWN THE HIGH-WAY

TAKE CARE OF OUR CARGO, VLADO. IT'S GOING TO PROVIDE US WITH EASY LIVING FOR A LONG TIME.

JOE, DARLING, THIS PLAN WAS SHEER GENIUS! I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY!

LET'S STOP A MINUTE. I JUST WANT TO LOOK AT IT.

PATIENCE, BELOVED! YOU CAN FEAST YOUR EYES WHEN WE GET TO OUR LITTLE HIDEAWAY. WATCH FOR THE SIDE ROAD, VLADO.

ON THE STEPS OF THE "OWL-NITE DINER" A TRUCK DRIVER LIT A CIGARETTE AND IDLY NOTED A BIG BLACK SEDAN WHICH HAD SLOWED TO LET A TRAILER-TRUCK PULL OUT IN FRONT OF IT.

THEN, AS THE CAR PULLED AROUND THE TRUCK AND HISSED AWAY, HIS JAW DROPPED. . .

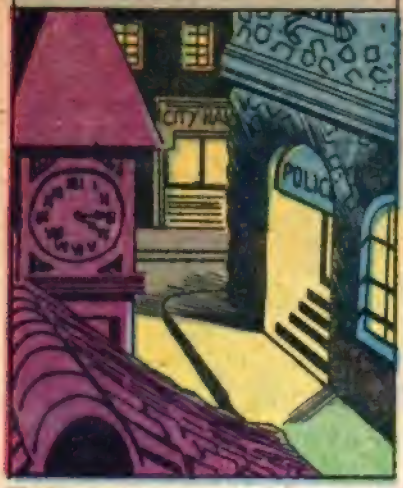
THE *THIEVES*... THAT RADIO ALARM.... THEY JUST PASSED... PHONE, WHERE'S THE PHONE?

A FEW MILES BEYOND THE DINER THE CAR SLOWED AGAIN--THIS TIME TO TURN DOWN A NARROW, TREE-LINED SIDE ROAD . . .

...AND MINUTES LATER, CHIEF RAEFORD'S MEN, ALERTED BY THE TRUCK DRIVER'S TIP, SPED DOWN THE HIGHWAY ... PAST THE QUIET LITTLE ROAD.

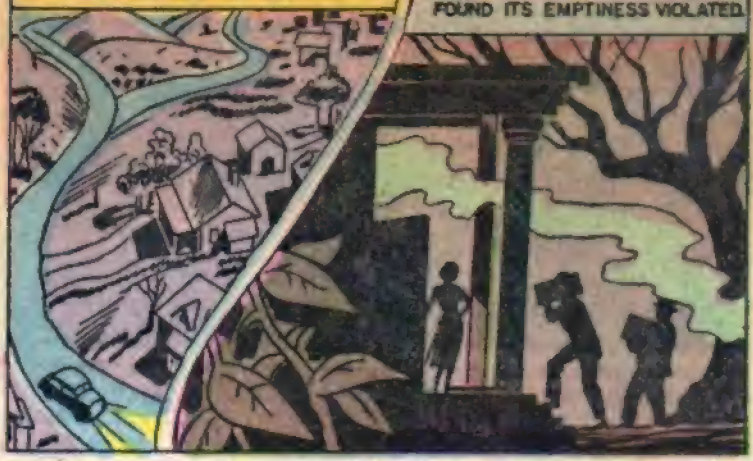
MEANWHILE, IN MILLVALE, THE OFFICIALS GREW MORE AND MORE CONCERNED.
ARE YOU SURE OF THOSE DESCRIPTIONS, MATT?
I DON'T CARE HOW TIRED YOU ARE! STAY AT THE STATION TILL SOMETHING BREAKS!
LAB REPORTS NO FINGERPRINTS, CHIEF.
EDITOR
WEARILY, THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, THE MAYOR ISSUED STATEMENTS.
THIS CRIME MUST NOT GO UNSOLVED! THE CRIMINALS AND THEIR LOOT MUST BE FOUND! WE HAVE NOW ALERTED THE ENTIRE STATE.
CEASELESSLY, THE POLICE CARS COMBED EVERY ROAD...AND THEN BEGAN ALL OVER ...
THEY MUST BE HOLED UP SOMEWHERE BY NOW, ED.
YEAH. WE'LL HAVE TO START BEATIN' THE BUSHES. THESE ROADS ARE BLOCKED SO TIGHT YOU COULDN'T GET A BICYCLE THROUGH, MUCH LESS THAT BIG, BLACK JOB.
OK, I'LL SEARCH THE OLD ARDMORE PLACE IF YOU'LL TAKE THE NEXT FARMHOUSE.
ALWAYS GOLD-BRICKING! YOU KNOW THAT DUMP'S BEEN VACANT FOR 20 YEARS. NO, SIR! WE'LL GO WAKE UP THE FARMERS AND GET YELLED AT TOGETHER.
PD
AS EACH LEAD CAME IN, CHIEF RAEFORD'S HOPES ROSE...ONLY TO BE DASHED EACH TIME.
THE SEDAN THE OLD LADY IN GAYNOR COUNTY SPOTTED TURNED OUT TO BE A BLUE CONVERTIBLE...AND THE BOX THE MAN ON POTTS ROAD WAS CARRYING INTO HIS HOUSE WAS A CASE OF BEER...AND THE...
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, THE EDITOR OF THE MILLVALE TIMES SEEMED RELUCTANT TO PRINT A SENSATIONAL STORY...
THIS CRIME AFFECTS EVERY-ONE IN MILLVALE! WE'LL HOLD UP THE STORY TILL THE LAST MINUTE.
EDITO
IF THE CHIEF CAN SMOKE OUT THOSE LOUSES BEFORE MORNING, MAYBE WE CAN KILL THE WHOLE STORY, BOSS.
SPEAKING OF KILLING, I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THOSE...THOSE...
4

THE HOURS OF THE NIGHT CRAWLED BY IN THE WEARY, ANXIOUS, WAITING LITTLE TOWN . . .



AROUND IT, THE COUNTRYSIDE SLEPT IN DARKNESS BROKEN FITFULLY BY THE STABBING LIGHTS OF POLICE CARS PROBING, PROWLING . . .

...PASSING FOR PERHAPS THE HUNDREDTH TIME THE ROAD BY THE OLD ARDMORE MANSION WHICH, EARLIER THIS NIGHT, FOUND ITS EMPTINESS VIOLATED.



A MATCH SPUTTERED AS MAGDA LIT THE LAMP, HER FINGERS SHAKING WITH EAGERNESS . . .

SMARTEST THING I EVER DID, PICKING THIS PLACE FOR OUR HIDEOUT. THEY'LL *NEVER* SEARCH FOR US IN THIS OLD *TOMB*. HA! HA!

QUICKLY, BRING IN THE REST, JOE DARLING!

NOW, AT LAST, THEY STOOD OVER THEIR NIGHT'S GAIN--DEVOURING IT WITH THEIR EYES.

I WISH I'D SEEN THEIR FACES (HEH, HEH)...WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY SAID?

"WHO COULD DO SUCH A THING? *HA, HA!*... "WHY WOULD THEY STEAL..." (GASP) OH, MY SIDES ACHE!

AND THE HEADLINES... "RUTHLESS THIEVES," "NEW STYLE IN BANK ROBBERIES"...

AND IN MILLVALE, AT THAT MOMENT, THEY *HAD* SAID . . .

OH, IT'S SO SENSELESS! WHAT COULD THEY *WANT* IT FOR?

I DON'T KNOW . . . I DON'T KNOW . . . PERHAPS TO SELL. REMEMBER IT'S *VERY* VALUABLE.

WE'RE RUNNING THE STORY, MR. MAYOR. THE WHOLE TOWN'S BOUND TO FIND OUT, AND MAYBE IF WE EXPLAIN...
HOW CAN WE EXPLAIN, JESS EVERYBODY IN TOWN WENT TO THAT BANK. THEY'VE ALL GOT A STAKE IN THIS ROBBERY.

BUT MILLVALE'S LOSS WAS CLEAR PROFIT FOR THE CHILLING COMBO AT ARDMORE HOUSE, AND THEY PLANNED TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT.
LET'S HAVE A REAL CELEBRATION!
OH, YES! WE'LL EVEN GET DRESSED UP!
HERE'S A TABLE-CLOTH...CANDLES... WINE GLASSES... THE WORKS!

WHILE JOE AND MAGDA DRESSED, VLADO FIXED THE REFRESHMENTS. AS HE HEARD THEIR STEPS ON THE STAIRS, HE LIT THE CANDLES AND SET THE DECANTER NEXT TO THE WINE GLASSES. PERFECT! PLEASED WITH HIS HANDIWORK, HE STOOD BACK WAITING FOR THEIR ENTRANCE.
(HUMS) "I'VE GOT YOU UNDER... MMMM."

AND HIS EFFORT WAS DULY NOTED BY THE COUPLE WHO SWEPT IN, ARM IN ARM...
I PROPOSE THE FIRST TOAST TO JOE, WHOSE PLAN...
NO, NO, VLADO! THE FIRST TOAST SHOULD BE TO OUR BROTHERS IN MILLVALE.

YES, MY DEAR. OUR BLOOD BROTHERS! HA! HA! OPEN ANOTHER BOTTLE OF RARE OLD MILLVALE '53, VLADO (SMACK). I'M REALLY BLOODTHIRSTY TONIGHT!
TOO BAD IT'S STILL COOL FROM BEING IN THAT HOSPITAL REFRIGERATOR. IT HAS MUCH MORE FLAVOR AT BODY TEMPERATURE!
HEH, HEH, IF THE COPS CAME IN THEY'D CATCH US RED-HANDED!
WHOLE BLOOD
WHOLE BLOOD
MILLVALE CITY HOSPITAL
WHOLE BLOOD
MILLVALE CITY
BUT THE POLICE WERE DESTINED NEVER TO SOLVE THE BLOOD-BANK ROBBERY, AND THE GOOD CITIZENS OF MILLVALE NEVER KNEW THAT THE BLOOD THEY HAD DONATED FOR THEIR LOVED ONES FURNISHED A FEAST FOR VAMPIRES!
THE END

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